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For the National Bra. LEONARD WRAY.

A BUMANCE OF MODERN HISTORY. of " The Chronieles of the Bastile," " The Yule Log," " Philip of

the busy city. It is of very unpretending ap-

their small lodge, near the door. Their

CHAP. XIV. Lisette and Paul. You must go up a great many flights of stors, before you reach the modest chamber in which Lisette the embroideress sits, plying her

reply: "and I hope to go on improving now. I shall be quite well in time." "To-morrow, to-morrow!" interjected the starling, locking across at his mistress.

edle. Like King David's sparrow, she is line on the housetop. The house in which he resides is rituated in the Rue Blanche, quite at the end, and close to the barrier. It is nearer the open country, on higher ground, and the air there is purer than in the heart of is as jealous as Othello." "Sacred blue!" said the starling.

"Come, then, monster," said Lisette, holding perance, and the approaches to it are by no none of the pleasantest. The portores's husout her finger to the bird; "come and make friends, and then leave us alone."

and is a tailor, and works on a kind of shelf The docile bird came at his mistress's bidred or rather suspended, by some mysterious ding, and perched on her finger. She then allowed him to carees her lips with his bill, and gave him a small piece of sponge-cake, with which he immediately flew away, back to his eriog apariment is a curious contrivance to space, and is formed by another

nation of shelves reaching across the furdow open, when they are flying about."
"I am not afraid," she replied. "They love me." And she smiled.

The young man colored deeply. He had not thought of that; yet it must be so. What thing could love her and leave her? "You still work, then, as hard as ever," he

said, presently.
"How should I live, clee?" she answered Fortunately, I have only the best work, and my necessities are few."
"To-morrow! to-morrow! to-morrow! chimed in the starling.

"Do you hear what Coco says?" asked the oung man, somewhat gravely.
"Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof," responded Lisette, cheerfully, thinking of the

"I know you are marvellously sustained," remarked Paul; "but that, notwithstanding your wise saws, Miss "-he was now addresspain. Number Three was a dragoon, whem ing her playfully—"and your heedlessness as supposes to have been made prisoner by about the future, you are ever saving, and put-

ways," she replied, "the wisdom of the Scriptures. I cannot help being industrious. It is a necessity of my nature. My real wants are very few, which is also another natural failing."—she emiled—"and my embroidery is and Malance withdraw from the military line. very well paid. There is the whole mystery.'

"Yes; but pleasure, Lisette." the Font Neuf. Flammeche was first captiva-ted by the crispness of her potatoes, on which he used to speculate to the extent of two sous tacles, and such like, they have no attractions worth every day; and soon after, by the bland- for me, in the first place; and in the second,

> "Yes, Paul," she said, lifting her eyes to his face as she spoke. "You do not see it, perhaps. You think me too serious, even, may be. But

it is the truth, and I believe it? "That Protestant pastor has turned brain, Lisette," retorted he, with a little warmth. "This religion is all very well in its place: but it was never sent to make folks gloomy, and to deprive life of its few consola-

broidery. It was an old theme. They did not see alike, and she did not feel disposed to purue the controversy. He addressed her again:

"But for your over-strained religious notions, might have been happy long ago. I cannot bear to see you work, work, work, ever and always work, work, work, and, as it seems to me, without an object. I don't wish you to enough for both of us, and to spare."

work. I want to work for you. I can earn Lisette continued plying her needle industriously, but did not speak.
"Bosides, does not a young motherless girl require a protector?" he continued; "and what better, what more legitimate protector,

except perhaps a brother, whom you have not "Well, I will not say a word about him bead, from beneath the folds of which then," he said; "but in the absence of these,

what better protector can you have than a ted with silver. This is a remnant of cohusband?" "To protect me against what?" she asked

rather

"I have never placed myself in the way of them, Paul," she replied. "Against the ordi-nary dangers of life," she added, "I require no other protection than that which Providence ra in the neighborhood, for his hands and extends to all who trust in his goodness and mare covered with splashes of paint. His mercy." "I know you have an answer always ready," rance is manly and prepossessing, though

dark beard, which he wears uncut, adds he went on to say. "You always seem to be right, and that is why I become angry and annoyed with myself when I oppose you in any the dissatisfied spirit within. I did not once way. But, indeed, Lisette, I am very unhap-reflect that I had my part to act, that so much "Come in," says the soft voice we know of; and the young man accepts the invitation.

"Ah, Paul," exclaims Lisette, on seeing him. The tears stood in his eyes, though he stifled

the sob that was rising. She looked up, and extended her hand, which he pressed, and cov-The young man has taken off his cap on enered with kisses. "And do I make you so, Paul ?" she asked.

"Yes, and no," he answered; "I am happy when I reflect that you love me, but wretched when I find you always averse to hearing me speak of marriage. I then think you cannot love me; otherwise"

"Paul, Paul," she exclaimed, with flushing cheek and moistening eyes, "it is better for both of us that we should remain as we are." "To-morrow-till to-morrow," said the star

lossom. Amongst them is a small which appears to have received tion. It is in vigorous growth, and buds in various stages of progress.

| Iing. "Allons! There is that provoking bird of yours, offering his advice, now," said Paul, half yours, offering his advice, now," said Paul, half angrily, but unable, notwithstanding, to re-

press a smile. "But tell me why you always say it is better for us to remain so?"

"Do not ask me, Paul, if you love me," she responded, gravely. Have I not been very ill, and am I sure my term of life"-

"There, there! always that gloomy beding," he ejaculated, interrupting her, yet

the question now, Paul, I conjure you."

He saw she was affected, for the tears fell fast on her embroidery, and she spoke with an

effort. So he paused. Presently she addressed him again.
"And Paul," she said, gravely, "your associ be compromised in some of those conspiracies which, we all know, are on foot, and which

have brought misery and ruin upon so many."

"Eh, but what do women understand abou politics!" he exclaimed. "Would you have me ecouted by my comrades? We all have our opinions, and we are pledged to abide by them. Besides, if I sacrificed them, Lisette, would that change your views in respect of our marriage?

"Truth obliges me to say it would not, Paul," she replied, calmly, "but it would increase my confidence in you, and make me believe you capable of a sacrifice for my sake."
"And do you doubt it, Lisette?" he asked.

the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out observed; "I only ask you, for your own sake of his roots." of his roots."

The young girl has learnt to understand the meaning of the mysterious passage, and has dwelt upon the promise it implies.

"It is kind of you to come and see me, Paul,"
she says to the rooms man account."

"But, Lisette, am I to have no promise from

she says to the young man, presently—"so unexpectedly, too."

"One cannot be too kind to you, Lisette," he observes, gazing tenderly at her. "I am employed near here, and I thought I would just come in to ask news of you."

"I am better—much better," she said, in reply; "and I hope to go on improving now. I shall be quite well in time."

"But, Lisette, am I to have no premise from you in return?"

"And what would you have me promise you, "Faul?"

"To take me soon for your husband, Lisette. To fix the day when I may call you mine, and when I may consider I have the right to command you to let me work for both of us."

He had again taken her hand, which he held now between both his own. He spoke carnest.

now between both his own. He spoke earnest-ly, and she felt that those words came from his heart. Nor did she prevent his carrying her

"Lisette, answer me," he said, after waiting some seconds.

"I will consider, too," she replied. He released her hand, and she resumed her work. He stook gazing at her a few moments, and then said:

"Lisette, I am going; good bye."

"Good bye, Paul," she responded, smiling as he withdrew, "good bye."

Once mere he kissed her on her forchead,

"I have often wondered you do not lose your pets," observed Paul, "for I have observed you do not seem to mind even leaving the winon Lisette's shoulder.

> For the National Era. TOIL. BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

What is toil? A mine of wealth. Filled with vast and varied tressure What is toil? A fount of health. Pure and clear, imparting pleasure.

What is toil? The poor man's friend, Bringing food for his to-morrow. What is toil? Wherewith to send, Rich relief, to those in sorrow.

What is toil? A flower that yields Fragrant odors, giving gladness. What is toil? Beheld the fields, Ripe and full, dispelling sadness. What is toil? A boon to earth,

Bringing health, and wealth, and power What is toil? A gem of worth, Making bright the darkest hour. What is toil? The student's light, Crowning him with fame and glory.

What is toil? A ship in sight, Laden-rich-no fabled story. What is toil? Man's trusty guide, His defence-bis path of duty. What is toil? The poet's bride,

Wreathed with flowers, and bright with beauty. Philadelphia, Pa. For the National Era.

CHAP III - Concluded Martha, who had a taste for visiting, acher own interests in view-she desired to consult Mr. Richards as to the best mode of in vesting her five hundred dollars, for she seemed to regard the judgment of my lather as infe-rior to that of most other men. We were soon

ready; I were the new pink dress with a black ribbon, some buds of the sweet-brier in my hair, and for once was quite well satisfied with my toilet. Doke wound himself about Martha like vine, as she was about to depart, and in a loud whisper enjoined her to bring home her pocket-handkerchief full of good stuff, for that if she tion on butterfices in general.

failed, he would lick all the cream off the milk The walk was delightful; the young dandelions were bright along the grass, which was softly green, and the tinkling of the runs along the hollows made sleepy music for the home-ward flying of the birds and the bees. Martha conversed with indiscriminate volubility, greatly to my mortification, for I could not but feel that Mr. Richards was rather amused than | day, that we must make up our minds to treat entertained. She would not have found so you all kindly." much to say in a month at home, as she said during that short walk; home was no place as to notice the implied condescension; but for the exercise of her charming talents. It felt my soul withering, and, excusing myself

house like other people's houses.

Semething of the old embarrassment returned to me, when I found myself the guest of dead, and indulging in a thousand wrong Mr. Richards. The simple but elegant furnishing of the parlor had the effect to disconoert me, and all Mr. Richards's polite efforts to entertain me were dead failures. I was unacustomed to the requirements of gentle breeding, and, having little of the rustic independence common to my class, I was alike unfitted for the station in which I was born, and for a neighbor, I could not doubt; and, with tears higher one. I tried to seem happy, for I saw our host exerting all his powers to give me pleasure, and while I felt myself ungratoful, I could with difficulty subdue the bitterness of kindness deserved some return; that it was

wrong to sit dumb like an idiot, expecting the attention of a princess, and yet scorning the homage I demanded. Ah me! it was hard to deal justly with meignorant and proud, rustic and refined, ambi-

tious and humble, anxious to please, yet ashamed to make one effort to do so. Miss Pinchum was most cordial, doing the duties of hostess with much ease and grace she was delighted that Mrs. Halstead had deigned to accept their hospitality. Our un-sociability had been a matter of regret to Mr. Richards and herself—she hoped we should be good neighbors in future. She was delighted that her friend had brought the little girl; and she patted my cheek, saying she hoped I was good, and minded my mother. Then, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, she said, lear little Harry were alive, he would be a nice

playmate for you; but as it is, I am afraid our house will prove a dull place, though Mr. Richards is fond of children, as you see." "Massy sakes!" exclaimed the widow, "if that aint the beatenest thing I ever see—pretending like as if you thought Molly was a litpale face. "Do not, Lisette, talk so, or you will drive me to something desperate. Do you not confess you feel better? Are you not better, too, really?" he added.

"Sometimes" she added. tle gal-why, she has been old enough to be which she shook her head, saying she didn't believe a word of it. She then inquired if I

could make bread and butter, if I could work button-hole, and do nice sucing-asserting that if I was ignorant in any respect pertaining to household accomplishments, she was the woman to teach me—she was old enough to have derived the advantages of experience, and not so old as to have experienced any diminu-

tion of any faculty. tues without any stint of their excellence.

Miss Pinchum, during this self-lauding of

the widow, kept her eyes fixed on the great object of her thoughts, to ascertain in what manner he was affected; but, finding him quite placency, declaring that she really must have she appealed to Mr. Richards to know if he didn't think her stupid; to which he replied, briefly, in the affirmative.

"Now, did you ever!" exclaimed Miss Pinch-

Martha shivered, and said the air did feel a listle like rain, and the widow took occasion to move her chair near the window where Mr. left—false hair, false teeth, and one false eye, I arose, thinking I would leave visions be-

"Fray allow us to consult our pleasure," replies Mr. Richards.

Miss Pinchum joined the group at the window, and, placing her hand against the sash, and looking fendly at the gentleman, said:

"You know how liable you are to take cold." starling, looking across at his mistress.

"Ah, ah! jealous!" exclaimed the young girl. "He has been sulky all the morning," she continued, addressing Paul. "Your arrival has put him on his better behaviour. He will be the sent faces of the widow and our host, under pretence of screening him from the wind.

Presently, a butterfly, having red wings, spotted with black, balanced itself on a wand of the rose-bush at the window, and, with an exclamation of delight, Mr. Richards raised the sash, and broke off the slender stem on which it rested.

"Are you ill! and what can be done to serve placing any hood, when the face I had been thinking of fronted mine in the looking-window, and with a nears as neavy as though I had given up my dead for burial, I was replacing my hood, when the face I had been thinking of fronted mine in the looking-window, and with a nears as neavy as though I had given up my dead for burial, I was replacing any hood, when the face I had been thinking of fronted mine in the looking-window, and with a nears as neavy as though I had given up my dead for burial, I was replacing any hood, when the face I had been thinking of fronted mine in the looking-window, and with a near as neavy as the country as with a near as neavy as the country as with a near as neavy as the country as with a near as neavy as the country as with a near as neavy as the country as with a near as neavy as the country as with a near as neavy as the country as with a near as neavy as the country as with a near as neavy as the country as with a near as neavy as the country as with a near as neavy as the country as with a near as neavy as with a neavy as with a neavy as with a neavy as a neavy as a neavy as n

Pinchum, holding up both hands. "What is it-a little bird?" "No, madam; it's a butterfly," replied the person interrogated, without raising his eyes to

"Merey on us, how ignorant!" chimed in the widow. "I knowed it was a butterfly; Pve seen a thousand—them's a kind that feed on danderlions—some says they don't live but three days, and some says they live six. I be-lieve I am about as much inclined to think they live three days and law to think they live they live three days, as I am to think they live "Ah!" replied Mr. Richards, in a tone

which indicated great edification, "you are a close observer of Nature, animate and inanimate, I should think." "Well, when I've seen a thing oncet, I don't

want to see it twicet, to know what it is," re-plied the widow, casting a sidelong look at Miss Pinchum. But that lady was not to be discouraged from her assumption of ignorance and innocence; she had taken a fancy that it was pretty and well pleasing in the eyes of her patron, whose dislike of masculine women she was aware of. Nowise daunted by the widow's sharp thrust, she resumed with—"O, Mr. Richards, do they live in the West, or do they come from some other country?" O, in the West, of course."

"How big is the West, Mr. Richards !" "I believe it's rather an indefinite term, present; is it not, Mrs. Wilkinson?" "Why, no," replied that lady; "it means Ohio and Kentuck, and the Mississippi wal-

ley; and these ere butterflies live mostly along water-courses, so some says, and some says they live mostly on dry, hilly ground; for my part, I think I've seen as many by water courses as I have on hilly ground." "How far could one fly, Mr. Richards? continued the maiden lady.

"Really I am not sufficiently a naturalist to warrant a guess." can fly as far as a swaller, and some says they can't fly wigorously; for my part, I am as lined to one belief as t'other." "Did I ever see one before, Mr. Richards?" said Miss Pinchum, looking irresistibly in his

"If I had, I think I would remember it, he cause it's so pretty; don't you think I would Mr. Monards, remember it The gentleman was absorbed in contempla tion of the insect, and made no reply. "You are so naughty, you won't tell n

about butterflies, nor anything." And Miss Pirchum affected to pout.

Mr. Richards joined me, for I had remained by the fire, and placing the butterfly in a book

laid it on my lap, and entered into a disquisi Miss Pinchum ceased pouting, and telling me she had something so pretty to show me, led me out of the room.

"A mere pretence," she said, when we were alone; "but I thought you would be glad to escape a little while, that old widow is such a She has got the biggest, ugliest eyes ever beheld; but we have to be civil, you know. Mr. Richards was saying, the other

I would not gratify the busybody so much was not worth while to try to make the old walked alone in the garden, wishing I was home, preparing tea for Charley-wishing had never seen Mr. Richards-wishing I was

hearted reflections.

With hurried and irregular steps I trodul and down the smooth walks, endeavoring to build up some self-respect. In all probability, the rasping weapon Miss Pinchum had used was of her own invention; nevertheless, that she had rightly interpreted the feelings of our house, firmly resolved that, once more at home, I would never re-enter the door where every thing served to remind me of the immeasurable distance between what I was, and what I

At the gate I was met by our host, who had come in search of me, and who conducted me to the tea-table, apparently unobservant of my after it.

The delicacies before me were not at all appetizing; I had not been used to the eilver service, and the freedom with which Martha flourished her knife from the main dishes to hand to tremble, albeit the affability of our spoke, nevertheless he did speak it. host was never so great. For myself, I was the recipient of an embarrassing portion of civilities, inasmuch as I neither understood how to receive nor reciprocate them. I would have gone with Dr. Roberts to his cottege that out into the sunshine, and silently leaned night, right willingly; but the opportunity was lost, and, seathed and scorched, I have walked

alone through the fires of love unrequited.

There is no doubt in my mind but that the full harvest of affection once yielded up, there remains little worth the gleaning. A broken heart may be bound up, but the broken faith cannot be made whole, and distrust and calcuhave their share in all second attachmente; and the wild, tumultuous throbbings which once drowned every voice to silence, not in consonance with the heart's desires, are calmed by one great disappointment to an

everlasting roet.

Bleesed is she whose dream is never broken by the obduracy of fate; blessed is she who mates herself early, with a yoke-fellow whose steps are likely to keep even with her own, and who never allows her sober wishes to stray be-youd the hearth or the next market town. I dry as dust in the midst, with that hungry de-

am doubtful if great talent be a blessing to woman—unallied to beauty, it is certainly a misfortune; for what is the hollow admiration of the world, while there is no one individual drawn closer to us than the rest? And me require, in women, qualities quite the contrary to those which they admire in their own sexsoftness, beauty, dependence; therefore, she who is capable of standing alone is likely to The sparring between the maiden and the

widow was curious to witness.
"Don't, my dear Mrs. Wilkinson, don't try
to eat the hard crust," said Miss Pinchum, maliciously; "now, I prefer it."

"So do I," replied the widow; "and as for my teeth, why they are as strong as a stone-

"Then you admit my defect is not quite so obvious as yours; but I plead guilty to your accusation, for if I have any heart, I have not been conscious of it for a long time."

pose?"

In vain I said, again, "What if he does, foolish girl—is it any difference?" In order to humiliate myself to the position I was resolved before

"Excellent," responded Mr. Richards; "then my case is not hopeless, desperate as it is. What say you, Miss Halstead?"

"That you have nothing to fear, certain-

"Now, you needn't pretend any interest you tations of Mr. Richards. out of your way; if you only wait a little long-er I will be, for I can't endure this way of liv-asked whom we were to see, as we descended decently buried, you may go and marry Mrs. was a Miss Mix, a great heiress whom Miss Wilkinson, or Miss Halstead, if you want to, as soon as I am cold, Mr. Richards." At this Southern engagements.

cint, the poor woman became too much agitated to say more.

A flush of fire passed over the face of our nost, and left it pale; his intense anger made im calm, and he replied, in a low, steady voice, "You have surprised and pained me, madam, but as to wishing you dead, your life and death are matters of utter indifference to me; and as She

overheard the question, replied:

"It means, madam, that no possible comquantity of lace and jewelry; but though she a course of decent behaviour, not expected to ination of circumstances could bring about a

narriage between you and me." pantaloons for you again, and face that ugly buil, and everything, to bring my work home to you, I hope I may be hanged—that's all. As or marrying you, I would not have had you

She had left quite an assembly at her hotel, the best day ever you saw; and now you are as she said, for the number of her friends and ad-

widow, looking from Mr. Richards to Miss received in the course of her life, and all with linehum; and as she spoke she rose from the left me not until midnight's still and solemn awaken amid the glories of an eternal suc, table, and, kicking her chair half across the for the entertainment of a party of monkeys, hour bade it begone. it was now night.

Seeing that her most formidable foe was gone, Miss Pinchum began to swallow her sobs, As she turned her head gracefully on one that I had often grieved her pious heart by chief from one eye, which she turned in mute princess, carelessly holding back her curls with And yet, as I sometimes followed her to the that she had her feelings hurt.

inversed with Mrs. Halstead. At this juncre the lady rose, and, laying one hand playilly on the shoulder of her patron, said, in coaxing tones, "Come, Harry, forgive me, and

your conduct this evening, it is quite impossi-ble. I trust I shall be able to find a house-room. In those mournful eyes, and in that abcoper who shall better understand her duties." ad turning to me, he spoke in a light and mon but sad history.

the scene at the white house the previous even-ing, we noticed the widow Wilkinson crossing ur fields with an unusually hurried step, and caring a heavy bundle, which was swung on a stick, over her shoulder.
"She is running away," said I, "to escape

mortification." Charley said she was proba-bly carrying home some bundle of work; but he looked anxious, and went to the window to assure himself, as I thought, that Lucretia did up the shining trifle, for it was Hetty's purse, not accompany her. "Good!" exclaimed Doke, "I hope she is

going away down the river:" rather an equivbrimming up to my eyes, I turned toward the no vagary, and down the river meant to the end of the earth. I asked what especial interest her movements were to him; upon which his wiry fin-gers began to twitch and twist curiously as he

answered, that she had probably left some good stuff in the cupboard at home, and that, if so, he was the boy that would be grabbing "Yes, Dokey, you have as good a right as anybody; and there is no way but to look out for yourself in this world, and more especially

in this neighborhood," said Martha. My father ventured the remark, that the her mouth caused my cheeks to tingle and my neighborhood was a very good one-timidly he "What do you say?" exclaimed Martha,

thunderstruck. "Nothing," replied my father; and, leaving

against the barn door. Charley soon followed, for the widow's movements had completely destroyed his appetite; and I shortly after arose, indignant at the state of things in general.

Charley, to say the least, was half in love with Lucretia Wilkinson, a simple-minded child, unknowing her own heart, dependent, inexperienced, and in all ways unfitted to be the mate of the self-distrustful and vacillating Charley. I saw my last hope that he would attain to a manly ambition, and claim and occupy honorably a place in the world, vanishing away. I saw my father growing old, alike destitute of self-respect and the respect of the

world-an honest, good man, but with no thought to compel the fortune and the consideration that come not of themselves. Hetty saw broken, in spirit and body, and Martha formity, Doke, prowling about the premises, eager as a hound that has just struck the Indignation against my own

turbulent, and presently recoiled back upon myself. "If it be so easy to bend circumstances, why sit I idle and ill-natured?" I asked myself; "it is easy to see wherein others fail in Congress. No one knows becoment patronage self what a great thing Government patronage self what a great thing Government patronage is for the relief of human distresses. Make the whole self what a great thing Government patronage is for the relief of human distresses. ways and means for every one but myself, and to mourn over what I consider failures and incompletenesses; and am I not wasting time in thus deploring the waste others make of it? I have spent years, already, in lamenting that I was not fitted by education for some higher was not fitted by education for some higher sphere of action, while I might have been striving to educate myself—negligent of what I might do, because I could not do more. If I

move her chair near the window where Mr. Richards sat.

Miss Pinchum grew nervous; she thought we had better, all of us, come nearcr the fire, which had been kindled as the evening came on. But the object of her special regard was one of the spec on. But the object of her special regard was percetly comfortable and inapprehensive; so were we all, though I, to oblige Miss Pinchum, joined her at the fire.

"Bo all come and form a circle; you don't seem sociable," persisted Miss Pinchum.

"Then you admit my defect is not quite so obvious as yours; but I plead guilty to your la vain I said, again, "What if he does, fool-

"I don't know Miss Pinchum's opinion," to take, or rather to be content with, I placed said the widow, gaily, "but for my part, I myself before the small broken looking-glass—think a man without a heart is better than none." ciful scrutiny, saying, "Do I look like a weman to win admiration? do I look like a lady, even? or do I not rather appear what I am—a rustic, born of a race of rustics?" This crushing truth came home to my convictions with an "I wish I was dead!" exclaimed Miss Pinch- awful reality; and with a heart as heavy as

don't feel," replied the injured woman, sob-bing all the while, "you might just as well say you hate me at ence, and wish I was dead and card. Miss Halstead glanced at it, and lazily of the sight of that sharp-cyed teacher. Mary Halotead's story was interrupted at ing much longer-and when you have had me | to the parlor, and was informed that the caller | rink obintz. Southern engagements.

She came dashing forward on our entrance and kissed her friend with a smack which might have been heard across the street, and held her hand and embraced her in a coquettishly petting manner, which contrasted strongly with the cold and stately bearing of the ac-

She was dressed with elaborate vulgarity, "What does averse mean?" asked the widow, in my car; but Mr. Richards, who overhoard the question, replied:

"What does averse mean?" asked the of camel's hair she carelessly dropped on the a great deal, than those of the moral law, in which I had been religiously instructed; and I

ugly as a mud fence, and as old as the hills.

Look at me, in my mourning—deepest kind—
do I look like getting married?"

"I can't say that I think you do," replied
Mr. Richards, smiling, for the ludicrous seene
Mr. Richards, smiling, for the ludicrous seene
Mr. Richards, smiling, for the ludicrous seene
all aid to her, "My dear Miss Mix, why do you leave us? you are the life and light of us

At such times I was alone, and the spirits all; do, dearest Miss Mix, return speedily."

occupies a minor place in my story, I must not | beads at night. devote space to her.

and the next moment removed the handker- shoulder and fanned herself with the air of a thoughtless levity on the subject of her faith her jewelled card case, I noticed that Mr. He was quietly partaking of his tea, and ap. had been previously saying soft nothings to altar, over which hung of good credeter carently did not observe her; upon which, she aid, in faltering tones, she was not angry, but hat she had her feelings hurt.

Hetty, as I inferred from her blushing timidity, bent eagerly forward, as if fearful of losing one word of the fine lady, as he evidently sup-Still Mr. Richards maintained silence, or posed dear Miss Mix to be; and though the child continued talking, he made no reply. Presently, with the excuse of examining some-thing on the centre table, he came near, and ture to cross its threshold; often standing long-"with a greedy ear devoured up her discourse," greatly to the annoyance of Hetty, who, after "I have no desire to be friends; indeed, after the failure of one or two simple arts to regain room. In those mournful eyes, and in that abstraction, I read the ultimate secret of a com-

lively vein, as though the embarrassing scene through which we had passed was but the most trifling episode in an otherwise most dentally, I know not, but it was a blessed op agreeable occasion.

While we were breakfasting at home, the portunity for Mr. Screwhard; and, seizing the following morning, and I relating to Charley | treasure, he presented it with a bow so low as to quite endanger his equilibrium, and, begging of the actress a presentation, handed the inflated woman to her carriage, with the step of one dizzy with the height on which he trod. In his anxiety to regain the glove, I noticed

something fall from his own hand, to which I directed the attention of my friend. "Humph!" she exclaimed, with womanly she held it up for a moment, and then delibe rately laid it on the fire. On the return of Mr. Screwhard, he inquired if it was probable ocal term to most persons, but to Doke it was no vagary, and down the river meant to the genuine; but Miss Halstead was so forbiddingy stately, that he presently took leave, without so much as leaving his adieus for Hetty.

For the National Era.

'Twas a bitter night-the frost spirit shrieked In the earth and air on high-And the clouds seemed froze, like a mantling shre To the stars that gemmed the sky;

Charmed all frosts that dared intrude: And the boys' wild glee would have charmed th

winds. In the roughest solitude; So the boys and the fire laughed merrily, While the frost-winds raged over land and sea.

Many of those noble Democrats from the non-slaveholding States, in both Houses of Con-grees, who, in the face of threats and denunciaions, bravely met the issue, and gave their votes for the Nebraska bill, must make up their minds to face a storm. The Whigs, the Free-Soilers, and the Abelitionists, have conspired against them. They are moving heaven and earth to defeat them. We feel for these patriots a solicitude that we cannot well express.

O don't be at all distressed about them. They will be taken care of. Do you not remember the direct promise held out by your neighbor of the Union, while the Nebraska bill was pending, that, if any Northern Democratic supporter of it should, in consequence of his support, be prostrated by his constituents, President Pierce would come with the patronage of the Government to his rescue? Surely you know this, Mr. Sentinel. Shed

no tears, then, for the Northern Nebraska men in Congress. No one knows better than yourpromised his followers, that those of them who fell in battle should go straight to the delicious heaven which he portrayed to their imagina-tions, and President Pierce tells his Nebraska ites that all such of them as fall before the wrath of the people shall enter straightway into the paradise of public office.

For the National Era SELFISH GRIEF: OR, THE MOTHER'S REVERIE.

I steed by my Lilian's grave in despair. God had taken from me what he had once so kindly given, and my heart did not even thank him for the precious loan. "Would I had died with her!" I said, as I

BY SALLIE LANMAN.

sank upon the grass, wet with the falling dew, and withering under the ruthless hand of au-

before me. I was again a careless school-girl, romping, gaming, and laughing lightly, as if Some of my schoolmates were near me, and life had no future cares, no deeper joys, no I did not then feel that I had left them—forcrushing sorrows. The old mansion at Clifton Hall rose on man

sight, towering majestically above the tall trees with which it was darkly shaded. Our matron was there, with her cagle gland her short, thick, unyielding figure, her firm tread indicating the resolution with which she was abundantly gifted. I was a pale, elender school-girl, shrinking

I was a pale, slender school-girl, shrinking his own studio, I was only a quiet erenture, beneath her gaze, and elinging to my mother dwelling in the sunlight of his presence.

Sometimes the busy tread of the housekeeper with a tenacity not easily resisted. But at length, one after another of my future comanions appear in the hall, and catch a glance My room is a small one, and the hedstead reportioned to its size, is neatly hung with

"You are to keep your drawers nicely," the with all that was most dear to me in life! with all that was most dear to me in life! Could I wear away existence without its only but as I have never kept an article for myself, I do not even dream that such care on my part is among the possibilities of life. There is a large card hung up in my room,

and on it I am directed to read, carefully, twenty-four regulations relating to "Clifton Hall." The garden is paradisiacal, and, like its original, hears the finest fruit—this the young Evos must not touch, on pain of some lesser utter darkness. for marrying Mrs. Wilkinson, I doubt not but displaying every possible variety of ornament evil than that which bofel their illustrious that she would be quite as averse to such an which could be hung or fastened about her mother, ages before.

fancied that they were only indirect guides to ination of circumstances could bring about a kept her face shadowed with a voil, it was be literally fulfilled. In this I was mistaken, arriage between you and me."

"If ever I stitch my eyes blind to make beauty of which to be proud, however much doing penauce in an apartment built upon the house-top, and closely guarded by iron fasten-But our matron was not always severe, and was not always disobedient. There were cours-but they were sugget ones, and, of

had quite restored his good humor.

"You are a great old fool, that is just what you are." "And you are another," cried the minutes all the compliments she had probably candle-light and companions brought a reaction.

"And you are another," cried the minutes all the compliments she had probably candle-light and companions brought a reaction. She which flit among shadows were the only souls

But there came a fearful day-the one mourning shawl and bonnet in her hands; and slamming the gate behind her, and muttering to herself, she disappeared in the darkness, for She was never unamiable to me; vet I knew

> little chapel where Pere Clerc awaited her supported by pillows as colorless as her own pale face; but as she was seldom alone, and the

One morning, however, I followed Pere Clerc, determined that I would not be excluded always from Agnes's chamber. I hastily concealed myself within the densely folded curtains, and heard what was not in-

ingly without, while no one bade me enter.

tended for merely mortal ears-Agnes's las have never told you before, that a nun's life attractions-above all, I love one to whom, from my youth, I have been ardently devoted-and yet you tell me that I must give up all these for heaven. I want both earth and blessedness hereafter. Has God given us all these things, and may we not love them?" How I trembled, with mingled emotions of rage and pity as I heard Père Clerc say, in selemn, yes, awful tones, "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife and children and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life

also, he cannot be my disciple." "Hypocrite!" I had nearly exclaimed: but the remembrance of my position quieted me, and this alone kept back the sterm of indigna-

tion gathering fiercely in my heart. hiding-place. The eyes of poor Agues were what I knew of my religion-that it was lovetorment this dying girl?" I asked, audibly.

Agnes opened her eyes in wonder, at my profanity.

"Don't feel badly," I said, taking the sick girl's hand, "I did not wish to trouble you, Ag-nes, but I long to comfort you." She laid her hand upon my lips, and crossed herself devoutly.

"You are very ill," I said, when a few moments had elapsed.

Her lips trembled, and an expression of the deepest sorrow was visible on her features, while it moved strongly my young heart, for I had seen but few exhibitions of grief in my short and sunny life. "I must die; but you, I trust, will live long

and happily."

"You don't know that you will die-perhaps, if you pray, God will hear you, and save your said, sorrowfully, "yet the thought of leaving life is not pleasant. I feel sorrowful and fear-

ful, too," she said, faintly.
"O, Agues! if I were such a saint as you are, I should not be afraid. Mother says, 'good people go to heaven when they die,' and that it is a great deal botter place than this world."
"I have tried to be good, and have done penance cold nights in winter, while the girls dectrine should be proclaimed as Democracy of my own age were sleeping quietly in their in 1854? Great efforts have been made by snug beds; yet I have never been happy; there is a load here," she said, laying her hand upon her heart, and looking wildly at me—in another moment she sprang from the bed.

I called for help, and, when the attendant came, Agnes was dying. The whole house was as still as death slone could hush it; and from an unobserved corner I watched Père Clerc, as he anointed the dying girl, and prayed over her, with apparent unction.

She ceased to breathe, and I hurried from

But when all was over, and Agnes lay alone in a darkened apartment, lit only with waxen do something they should not do, and thus encandles, I looked once more upon the face of gulf the party into difficulties, where no aid death. The expression was not yet fixed, and dictatorial spirit growing among some who

Père Cierc bore me away. I was laid beneath my own chints curtains,

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AGENTS.

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I took from my besom a small golden erucifix-the last gift of Agnes to Julia D., and one

which I had worn sometimes as an ornament

I remembered than its story, and that a sufferer once died a strange, mysterious death upon one of the same ferm. "That sufferer was Agnes's friend," I said, in my simplicity, "and Again I was at my own bridal. I looked

fair and fragile beneath a snowy veil and a wreath of grange blossoms, as I leaned on the arm of one, fine-looking and menly.

I heard little of the service, but I knew that was his own for life, and, without caring for

the future, felt glad and happy.

Life seemed to me all conshine, and over its store rested no darkening clouds. My hueband's home and mine was a retired

one, far from the busy haunts of men, and on this account I was only the more happy; for is then seemed all my own. We read togother; and while engaged in

roke on my ear, and reminded me of my roper office; but work had no charms for and body and spirit both kept one long, deightful holyday. At last Charles becamolickly, and the daily ctic on his cheek startled and alarmed me His eyes grew bright, bright as Agues's had been-eirangely so! Could I connect death with all that was most dear to me in life!

object !
Ah! I had made one long, fearful mistake and discovered it in agony. I had poured the deep affections of my heart into a breaking, exhausting receiver, and left a world of human hearts unleved. Such idolatry God could not My light went out, and for weeks all was

But I awoke, and a young creature nestled beside me; it was my Lilian. God had given me a precious gift, and bade me to keep it safe and pure for him. And this, in all my roman's weakness, I tried to do. Months rolled away before my babe spokethat first word was "father." I had taught her this before his almost living picture, and

se had learned, while looking at it, to clap her tiny hands with joy.

When she was three years old, I told her much about God, and the spirit-world which es alout us all. How there were other souls breathing near her, besides her own-souls good and bad, wrestling for victory.

Strangers said my "mind was diseased," that I "thought only of the dead," and that Lilian would be crazed!" But this was not so. My child leved me, but not me alone-she ved all! One bright sunbeam was her short fe-n swift and sudden translation her early She faded so gently, that, as the flower closes

and know no weariness. curted a passage to the mysterious dwellin; place of those I loved.

The cross, which Agnes had given me in earlier and better days, shone above my heart but not yet in it; and as I gazed upon its brilliancy, I thought long and deeply of its meaning. The words, " If one died for all, then were all dead," came to my mind with new power was comforted, and yet represented for a long

and selfish worship of my own loves, and my orgetfulners of others A wail, sudden and child like, broke on my ear. I turned, and took to my embrace two motherless orphans. The girl, with sunny hair

and lovely ringlets, was my second Lilian—the They had lived lowly and decently at homhey lived richly with me. Life changed its face—there were no longer a few for me to love, but many. I did not for-get the past, but I learned lessons of it for the

My children grew up. The boy was high I have never told you before, that a nun's life spirited, but yielded to gentle influences, and seems to me unendurable. I love my home, its became a noble man. He called me " mother;" and while I leaned on one supporting arm tiful in feature, but loving and lovely. A stranger saw this, and when my own Lilian had been buried fourteen summers, he wed

ded my second. Her children grew up around me, and I loved to hear the prattlers say "grandma" to the old lady, whom they dearly loved. Charles brought me, in due time, another daughter; and now, while I am wasting away, my children are strongthening in life. Seated in my arm-chair, the past comes u

before me, but not cold and dark, as it did about my first Lilias's grave. man, while I am old and withered. Sometimes I wish that I had died with him. closed, and her lips moved as if in prayer. and been always young; then I dream of at How I pitied her! How I longed to tell her land where change and decay come not, where and been always young; then I dream of a love supreme to God-love quenchless towards their happy, joyful home, and in knowledge man. "Why does that hateful priest wish to are older than I. Once, I was wedded to two objects of hope and love; now, I am a lover of God's creatures everywhere, and live to pray for a sin suffering world, with tremblit ongue. Soon that will be silent in death; yet will my heart burn, smid those of angels, with

> n adhesion to party leaders, in utter disregard Indianopolis, endores the Nebraska bill, and make its support a test of party fealty. The Lafayotte Courier republishes the resolutions of the Indiana Democratic State Convention, of Congress to prevent the introduction into all down the Courier, for its out-spoken boldness against this measure; but we are pleased to see that the people are rallying to its support. The Woodford county (lad.) Argus thus de-"The fundamental principles of Democracy need no unreasonable tests applied, for it deals

She ceased to breathe, and I hurried from the room, while strangers performed the last offices for one of their own order.

But the continual desire to do something which has not been done, is very dangerous, for the very reastill were the traces of spirit-sorrow.

A strange trembling came over me; I tried have heretofore been regarded as the leaders to move, but could not. I only remember that of the Democratic party; and they say now, 'you shall think as we do, or we will read you and on a small table at the head of the believed, and thought was the reply.

"And do you doubt it, Lisotte?" he asked.

"Do it?" was her reply.

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"And there shall eome forth a rod out of

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"I do not ask you to betray any one," she

"I do not ask you to betray any one," she

"I do not ask you to betray any one," she

"I do not ask you to betray any one," she

"I do not ask you to betray any one," she

"I do not ask you to betray any one," she

"I do not ask you to betray any one," she

"I do not ask you to betray any one," she

"I was laid beneath my own chints curtains, for the Gouerant and lover of instending the decrease of instending the fact that the heirs of a narcotic, slept in the sile of these reflections was, that I myself the decrease of its, in the affirmative.

"And do you doubt it, Lisotte?" he asked.

"Do it? Who shall think and prescribe action for the goine in free the title, which each of the the heirs of a narcotic, slept in the sit ontice them?" The decrease of its in the continued, as if in epopurent of the pain he was the odes not fully agree the Governt the was the off these reflections was, that I myself the decrease of the fine the state, the heirs of these reflections was, that I myself the decrease of the state the tread of strangers, and, is country, because he does not fully agree the Governt the was the object of the was the one to the fine the fine the fine the their of these reflections was, that I myself the continued in the country is any one of the state that the heirs of these reflections was, that I out, Who shall think and prescribe action

Payment in advance is uniformly required.

ther end of the lodge, about seven feet from the floor. They attain it by means of a ladder. and its conveniences about three feet of space between it and the ceiling, and a cord, comthich it lifts, on the principle of the bobbin pentioned in the tale of Little Red Riding

Hood. The tailor's name is Flammeche, but he is a mender of the Constitution, as well as of lattered garments, and professes opinions of a very decided radical tendency. He has a "prenounced" predilection for "property in common," but believes that "property" which does not belong to himself is "robbery." Madame Flammeche is a person of military entecedents, and of somewhat marital inclinatens. The tailor is ber sixth husband. Her previous husbands, or, as she pleased to call en her "foregoing," were warriors. Num- great Book. ne was a bembardier, who first lost an am and then his head. Number Two was a enadior. He was shot in a skirmish in

ish, but who, not making his appear-hin a reasonable time, she gave up in "We must not understand too literally, alwithin a reasonable time, she gave up in losion of a mine. Then the peace came, Madame withdrew from the military line, to selling fried potatoes, in a stall on nd Neuf. Flammeche was first captivaishments of the lady herself. His proposals were accepted, and the widow of the five warners became the wife of what popular prejuon up to the present time. There is a barack not far off, and her cookery is in renown ection with various regiments, through foregoing." Her establishment may be to combine the principal departments of

In fine weather, she carries on ness, in the open air, outside of the se, on the causeway. In wet weather, and apregnated with the fumes of boil It is contained in a large iron caul iolin-she would be incomplete. She enterng belonged to the "old army," her notions ike that of a chestnut, from exposure to the

try, quite pardonable in one who formerly ther claims to admiration upon the protof her chevolure.

aving Madame Flammeche at her ordinacupation, and saluting her as he passes, a

upon to fine the result of the prodo I know? Are there not daugers to which
every young girl is exposed?" he answered, ats of stairs, to Lisette's apartment. He

ering. He approaches her with a respectful air, and, stooping over her as she sits at the window, at her embroidery, kisses her on the crlocking the buttes de Montmartre, and their ills, and the plains beyond, in the direceccss in front of the window, and contains we or three pets of autumn flowering plants, hina rose, which appears to have received second attention. It is in vigorous growth, and wered with buds in various stages of progress. he room, fited up with nest-boxes, and other eniences for the inmates, most of whom, lowever, are flying in all directions about the partment. They come to Lisette when she each by name, and gives them a tiny crumb I sweet cake. Up in one corner, with a cage all to himself, on the outside of which he is erched consequentially, arranging his plu-asge, is a starling. When he is in the mind h he is not this morning-he answers to many words, in the course of his checquered existence. These he jorks up now and then, in

her noisy neighbors the sparrows, who assem-ble in the gutter and on her window-sill, in Her apartment is large, though not lofty. In a alcove stands her bed, modestly concealed by a drapery. The furniture is of walnut, mostly redshired. So is the floor; it is of red sling but little square pieces of carpet are set before the chairs, to prevent, in some measure,

would seem to be ever looking for-

ward, for he repeats the words "to-morrow,

till to-morrow," more often than any others;

amely, "sacré bleu," which, literally trans

lated, means sacred blue, and nothing else.
These are Lisette's household pets, including